



T H E

Ballast Heaver.

YE rolling lads of fair London city,
Who live at home in plenty and ease,
You may go to a club if you like it,
Or be flash among lasses if you please;
Whilst Charley Burton, Harry Davis, and another,
T'other day for the crap were cast, it is true,
But their gracious king he alter'd their sentence,
And three years a ballast heaving they're to go.

'Twas on the 21st of November,
On that very day they all did set out,
Their intent was to rob and to plunder,
And the stages for to rob there is no doubt,
When a ratler did chance to come by,
And they stoutly caught the horses by the reins,
And so boldly then they told them to deliver,
Or a leaden pill should fly into their brains.

Then the Gentlemen look'd out of the window,
And unto us these very words did say,
Our money will freely give unto you,
Only use us well, brave boys, we do pray,
So we took from them ninety brave guineas,
And their watches which were worth twenty more
Then so bladish stroll'd away to Covent Gard:
For to cut a swell with each a flaming whore.

But one of our pals being taken,
A rogue in grain he proved at the last,
At the blind Beek's he there snitch'd against us,
'We were hobbl'd and for the crap were cast;
But our gracious King he had compassion on us,
When we were fill'd with grief and woe,
And he alter'd our sentence so far,
That three years a ballast heaving we're to go.

The Recorder he did make his report of
The convicts under sentence, who did say,
Then nine were ordered for execution,
And a respite did come down that very day;
Which made our poor hearts to leap for joy,
To think that we from death were thus set free,
And we hope to see that bloody snitching rascal,
Out of Newgate go hang on Tyburn tree.

Mr. Akerman came down in the evening,
'Twas on purpose then all for to let us know,
That we must depart the next morning,
On board the Justitia for to go,
Then collars round our necks they did fasten,
And like dogs we were coupl'd two and two,
And so boldly at Blackfriars lump'd the lighter,
Gallows ballast heaving for to go.

So God bless then our Royal Defender,
King George on his throne it is I mean,
Had it not been for his royal mercy,
Never should we have seen you again;
My time at ballast heaving being over,
And I have got my sweet liberty,
No more upon the road will I venture,
In a man of a war I'll plow the raging sea.